

At Midnight.

Der Herr bricht ein, um Mitternacht.

The Lord shall come in dead of night,
When all is stillness round;
How happy they whose lamps are bright,
Who hail the trumpet's sound!
How blind and dead the world appears,
How deep her slumbers are;
Still dreaming that the day she fears
Is distant and afar.
Who spends his day in holy toil,
His talent used aright,
That he may haste with heavenly spoil
To meet his Lord that night?
Are you arousing from their sleep
The saints who dare to rest,
And calling every one to keep
A watch more true and blest?
Wake up my heart and soul anew,
Let sleep no moment claim;
But hourly watch as if you knew
This night the Master came.

Hymns from the Land of Luther. Count Zinzendorf.

"The Departed Employed on Ministries of Love."

SELECTED BY M. KATE MILLER.

What, then, is this truth which we believe? The dead live. In years gone we had them with us. They became very dear to us, They separated from the throng, and gave us their love. They grew into our being, and were a part of us. One day they became weary and sick. We thought nothing of it at first, but morning after morning came and they were more faint. The story of the dark days that followed is too sad. One dreary night, with radiant face they kissed us and said good by. They were dead. Kind neighbors came and carried them out of our homes and we followed with dumb awe, and saw them lay them gently beneath the earth. We returned to the vacant house, which never could be home again. Our hearts were broken. The earth and sky have been so dark since that day. We have searched through the long nights and desolate days for them, but we cannot find them; they do not come back. We listen, but we get no tidings. Neither form nor voice comes to us. The dark silent immensity has swallowed them up. Are they extinct? No. They live; we cannot tell where, whether near us or remote; we cannot tell in what form, but they live. They are essentially the same beings they were when they went in and out among us. There has been no break in their life. It is as if they had crossed the sea. The old memories and old loves are still with them. New friends do not displace old ones. They are more beautiful than when we knew them, and purer, and holier, and happier. They are not sick or weary now. They have no sorrow. They are not alone. They have joined others. They think and talk of us. They make affectionate inquiries for our welfare. They wait for us. They are learning great lessons, which they mean to recite to us some day. They are not lonely; they are a glorious company. They have no envies or jealousies. They are ravished with the happiness of their new life. I do not know where it is, or how it is, but I am certain it is so. They are kings and priests unto God. They wear crowns that flash in the everlasting light. They wear robes that are spotlessly white. They wave victorious palms. They sing anthems of such exceeding sweetness as no earthly choirs ever approach. They stand before the throne. They fly on ministries of love. They muse on the tops of Mount Zion. They meditate on the banks of the river of life. They are rapturous with ecstasies of love. God wipes all tears from their faces and there is no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain; for the former things have passed away. The glorious angels are their teachers and companions. But why attempt to describe their ineffable state? It hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive it.

Farewell, friends, yet not farewell,
Where I go, you too shall dwell;
I am gone before your face—
A moments worth, a little space
When you come where I have stepped
Ye will wonder why we wept;
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all and there is naught.

Dayton, O.

To Sister Laura Slotter.

DEAR SISTER:—I have read and reread your letter with much pleasure and profit. It is a source of consolation to hear from you again. I am always edified and strengthened in the faith when I learn of your desire and prayers for the welfare of Zion, and the tender regard you manifest for the afflicted. Surely you must be blest with large hope to enable you to look at the sunny side of everything.

It would indeed have been a happy meeting to have convened with our honored S. S. workers at Bear Creek, but Providence had ordered it otherwise, and although I could not be present in person, I was present in mind. My thoughts, hope and prayers, for the success of the Convention were the same. I am thankful for the privilege of reading one essay and one address. Both are good. I wonder why there are not more of the good things or thoughts that are produced at the Convention published in our church paper. Whatever is produced at the Convention that is a benefit to the S. S. workers, present would undoubtedly be a benefit to other S. S. workers. Perhaps some are timid and fear criticism. It is not always best to be too modest and timid about such matters. If Queen Esther had remained silent after the decree had gone out into Shushan and all the king's provinces to put the Jews to death. They all would perished.

I trust that my afflictions have had a tendency to bring me nearer the cross of Christ. I think the blessed Savior wanted to teach me to trust him in time of trouble. Surely it was the chastening of a loving Father's hand. I hope I have endured it with that degree of patience to be requisite made partaker of that peaceable fruit of righteousness which the apostle alludes to. I believe too, that we are sisters in the same faith. That we have our names on record in the Brethren church. We take the Bible as our guide. Trust in its promises with unwavering fidelity. We learn that the Holy Scriptures are able to make us wise unto salvation through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. The principal cause for connecting myself with this branch of the Dunker fraternity was because they heartily encouraged missionary work. In the old church this was opposed and discouraged in every possible way. This I conceived to be contrary to the teachings of the blessed Bible. I believe that injunction "Go teach all nations" is just as binding upon our people as it is on the Methodists or Presbyterians. And that God will eventually hold all responsible for neglecting this very important part of church work. Woman's work in the old church was ignored. In the missionary cause the ladies are instruments in God's hands for much effectual work.

Yes I was pleased with sister Julia A. Wood's letter in the EVANGELIST. I always like to read her writings and hope when she gets rested from her mental toil she will again favor the readers of the EVANGELIST, as she did of yore, with some of her excellent productions. I will close for this time. Good by.

Fraternally,

KATE YOST.

Burbank, O., July 13, 1887.

How To Live Better.

BY MRS. E. FOX.

Do we not all wish we could live better? We are not satisfied with ourselves as we now live. We see many things in our daily conduct that we wish were better. Sometimes our feelings toward those whom we mingle with and associate with are not right. We wish we could better control our words and temper and our thoughts, for how often do we speak unbethoughtedly and repent afterwards. O, if we could get more of that love within our hearts, we would not so often say anything to wound the feelings of those around us. Socrates, the wise Philosopher, says, I believe we cannot live better than in seeking to become better or more agreeably than having a good conscience. This is certainly one good way to live better. But this you will ever find difficult to do to any great extent without that help which your heavenly Father is ever ready to give to all who ask him for it. Then let us never fail to ask for Jesus says, "Ask and

ye shall receive." He can deliver us from evil and prevent us from being led into temptation. He is more ready to give us the Holy Spirit to guide us in the right way, than any one else would be to advise and counsel as we are prone to wander from the path of duty. Let us each and every one send up a prayer if but in secret, for Jesus knows our inmost thoughts. Then let us ever strive to walk in the straight and narrow way that leads to everlasting peace and happiness. So by denying ourselves much useless pleasure, we may derive much good and in the end come out more than conquerors, by walking in the straight and narrow path.

There's a beautiful pathway of peace,
That leadeth to plenty and rest,
Where the sweet songs of hope never cease—
Who findeth it truly is blest.

Pleasant Hill, O.

Saved by the Thought of His Mother.

A distinguished public man of Indiana, who lately deceased, was engaged at the time of his sudden death, in writing reminiscences of his life. He was narrating to his daughter, who was writing from his dictation, the story of a terrible temptation which assailed him when quite a youth. By attention to business and correct deportment he had won the implicit confidence of all who knew him. This confidence was shown, when on one occasion—before the days of easy and rapid communication by means of railroad and telegraph—he was intrusted with \$22,000 to deliver in the then far-distant Cincinnati. Day after day, on his long horseback journey, he guarded his treasure with the most scrupulous fidelity, without a thought of dishonesty. But he said,—

"There was a moment, a supreme and critical one, when the voice of the tempter penetrated my ear. It was when I reached the crown of those imperial hills that overlook the Ohio River, when approaching Lawrenceburg from the interior. The noble stream was the great artery of commerce at that day, before a railroad west of Massachusetts had been built. What a gay spectacle it presented, flashing in the bright sunlight covered with flat-boats, with rafts, with gay painted steamers, ascending and descending, and transporting their passengers in brief time to the Gulf of Mexico, the gateway to all parts of the world. I had to sell my horse and go aboard one of these with my treasure, and I was absolutely beyond the reach of pursuit. There was no telegraphs then flashing intelligence by an agency more subtle than steam, and far outrunning it; no extradition treaties requiring foreign governments to return the felon. The world was before me, and at the age of twenty-one, with feeble ties connecting me with those left behind, I was in possession of a fortune for those early days. I recall the fact that this thought was a tenant of my mind for a moment, and for a moment only. Bless God, it found no hospitable lodgment any longer. And what think you gentle reader, were the associate thoughts that came to my rescue? Away over rivers and mountains, a thousand miles distant, in a humble farm-house, on a bench, an aged mother reading to her son from the oracles of God."

At this point his voice suddenly choked, his emotions overcame him, he said to his daughter,—"We will finish this at another time,"—laid his head back on his chair, and died almost instantly. —BAPTIST WEEKLY.

Mother's Turn.

"It is mother's turn to be taken care of now."

The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh color, and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school; she had the air of culture, which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out to her, for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers, in their love of their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty and charming things, and say nothing about it; and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jenny gets the new dress and mother wears the old one, turned upside down and wrong side out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip, and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study and must lie down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such an indulgence.

Dear girls, take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties, which for years they have patiently borne.—*Christian Intelligencer.*